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TO

MR. WRIGHT OF DERBY.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

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O D E, &c.

AWAY! ye ſweet, but trivial Forms,
That from the placid pencil riſe,
When playful art the landſcape warms
With Italy's unclouded ſkies!
Stay, vanity! nor yet demand
Thy portrait from the painter's hand!
Nor aſk thou, indolence, to aid thy dream,
The ſoft illuſion of the mimic ſtream,
That twinkles to thy ſight with Cynthia's trembling beam!

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Be thine, my friend, a nobler taſk!
Beſide thy vacant eaſil ſee
Gueſts, who, with claims ſuperior, aſk
New miracles of art from thee:
Valour, who mocks unequal ſtrife,
And clemency, whoſe ſmile is life!
" Wright! let thy ſkill (this radiant pair exclaim)
" Give to our view our favorite ſcene of Fame,
" Where Britain's Genius blaz'd in glory's brighteſt flame".

Celeſtial miniſters! ye ſpeak
To no dull agent ſloth-oppreſt,
Who coldly hears, in ſpirit weak,
Heroic virtue's high beheſt:
Behold! tho' envy ſtrives to foil
The Artiſt bent on public toil,
Behold! his flames terrific luſtre ſhed;
His naval blaze mounts from it's billowy bed;
And Calpe proudly rears her war-illumin'd head.

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In gorgeous pomp for ever ſhine
Bright monument of Britain's force!
Tho' doom'd to feel her fame decline
In ill-ſtarr'd war's o'erwhelming courſe,
Tho' Europe's envious realms unite
To cruſh her, in unequal fight,
Her genius, deeply ſtung with generous ſhame,
On this exulting rock array'd in flame
Equals her ancient feats, and vindicates her name.

How fiercely Britiſh valor pours
The deluge of deſtructive fire,
Which o'er that watery Babel roars,
Bidding the baffled hoſt retire,
And leave their fall'n, to yield their breath
In different pangs of double death!
Ye ſhall not periſh: no! ye hapleſs brave,
Reckleſs of peril thro' the fiery wave
See! Britiſh mercy ſteers, each proſtrate foe to ſave.

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Ye gallant chiefs, whoſe deeds proclaim
The genuine hero's feeling ſoul,
Elliot, and Curtis, with whoſe name
Honor enrich'd his radiant roll,
Bleſt is your fate; nor bleſt alone,
That reſcued foes your virtues own,
That Britain triumphs in your filial worth:
Bleſt in the period of your glory's birth,
When art can bid it live to decorate the earth!

Alas! what deeds, where virtue reign'd,
Have in oblivious darkneſs died,
When painting, by the Goths enchain'd,
No life-ſecuring tints ſupplied!
Of all thy powers, enchanting art,
Thou deemeſt this the deareſt part,
To guard the rights of valour, and afford
Surviving luſtre to the hero's ſword:
For this, heroic Greece thy martial charms ador'd.

Rival

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Rival of Greece, in arms, in arts,
Tho' deem'd in her declining days,
Britain yet boaſts unnumber'd hearts,
Who keenly pant for public praiſe:
Her battles yet are firmly fought
By Chiefs with Spartan courage fraught:
Her Painters with Athenian zeal unite
To trace the glories of the proſp'rous fight,
And gild th' embattel'd ſcene with art's immortal light.

Tho' many a hand may well portray
The ruſhing war's infuriate ſhock,
Proud Calpe bids thee, Wright, diſplay
The terrors of her blazing rock:
The burning bulks of baffled Spain,
From thee ſhe claims, nor claims in vain,
Thou mighty maſter of the mimic flame,
Whoſe peerleſs pencil, with peculiar aim,
Has form'd of laſting fire the baſis of thy fame.

Juſt

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Juſt in thy praiſe, thy country's voice
Loudly aſſerts thy ſignal power:
In this reward may'ſt thou rejoice,
In modeſt labour's ſilent hour,
Far from thoſe ſeats, where envious leagues,
And dark cabals, and baſe intrigues
Exclude meek merit from his proper home;
Where art, whom Royalty forbade to roam,
Againſt thy talents clos'd her ſelf-diſhonor'd dome.

When partial pride, and mean neglect,
The nerves of injur'd genius gall,
What kindly ſpells of keen effect
His energy of heart recall?
Perchance there is no ſpell ſo ſtrong
As friendſhip's ſympathetic ſong:
By fancy link'd in a fraternal band,
Artiſt and Bard in ſweet alliance ſtand;
They ſuffer equal wounds, and mutual aid demand.

Go

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Go then, to ſlighted worth devote
Thy willing verſe, my fearleſs muſe!
Haply thy free and friendly note
Some joyous ardor may infuſe
In fibres, that ſeverely ſmart
From potent Envy's poiſon'd dart:
Thro' Wright's warm breaſt bid tides of vigor roll,
Guard him from meek depreſſion's chill controul,
And rouſe him to exert each ſinew of his ſoul!

F I N I S.

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